

DANIELLE PAFUNDA

The Dead Girls Speak in Unison

Fuck your circadian rhythm.
We keep queer time,
bolt time,
we keep time
against a ticking
egg sack.

We house around
in the most
inappropriate hours.

We scale the wall
in a wee hour
and piss
all over your lilacs.

We mix cat vomit and quinine.

Hour after hour.

Fuck your lulla lulla lullaby
your twee lanterns

and the cheap rust chain
fastening your door
to its plaintive frame.

We count night
by a plate full of spiders,

and later we count day
by the spiders' shells.

We sing out each hour
through a mouth full of gravel.

We slit
the throat you call bedtime,
and swill
her pinkish bleed.